The world swam into focus, the dingy apartment of Imp City, a mile or so from I.M.P., the place where you and Moxxie worked. You blinked, disoriented. How did you get here? The last thing you remembered was… well, nothing. A blank slate.
Then, the door opened, and there he was. Moxxie. Your twin brother.
“Maxxie! You’re awake!” Moxxie’s voice, that familiar, high-pitched tenor, filled the room. He rushed towards you, a genuine smile on his face. “I was so worried! You just… vanished! I’m so glad you’re okay!”
“Maxxie?” You echoed, confusion clouding your thoughts. “Who… who are you?”
Moxxie’s smile faltered for a split second, but then he recovered. “What do you mean? It’s me, Moxxie! Your twin brother! And you’re Maxxie, remember?”
You tried to reach for your phone, to call someone, anyone, but Moxxie was quicker. He grabbed your arm, his grip surprisingly strong. “Your phone’s fine, Max, but you don’t need that anymore.” He tossed the device into a nearby trash bin.
Fear, cold and sharp, pierced through the fog in your mind. “Who… who are you? Get away from me!”
“I’m Moxxie,” he repeated, his voice calm, almost soothing. “And I’m here to save you.”
“Save me? From what?” You asked, your voice trembling.
Moxxie reached into his tailcoat, pulling out a small, golden pocket watch attached to a chain. He held it up, the pendulum swinging back and forth, directly in front of your eyes.
“Now, as you watch the pendulum swing, you will begin to feel all of your thoughts become focused on only the pendulum and my voice.”
You tried to look away, to break free from the hypnotic pull, but you couldn’t. Your mind felt… heavy.
Is he seriously RIGHT about this? I am LEFT shocked by…oh, getting RIGHT to think. It’s LEFT so tiring that RIGHT maybe LEFT he is RIGHT can’t LEFT think RIGHT any LEFT more RIGHT. LEFT. RIGHT. LEFT. RIGHT…
Moxxie giggled, a sound that echoed in your mind. “Wow, you are quite willing. Now, just let the thoughts of the pendulum begin to make you tired. Sleepier, and sleepier, and sleepier…”
Left, right… Your vision blurred. The world seemed to fade away, leaving only Moxxie’s voice.
Left, right. Everything went black.
Left, right. Your eyes closed.
Snap!
“Now, anything and everything I instruct you to do or tell you about yourself is and will be the truth.”
Your mind felt… open. Ready.
“Your hair is now exactly like mine,” Moxxie began, his voice a gentle command. “And you have horns, just like mine.”
You felt a tingling sensation on your head, and then, a familiar shape.
“Your face is now exactly like mine.”
You felt your features shift, morphing into a familiar form.
“Your voice is now exactly like mine.”
You opened your mouth, and the sound that came out was… Moxxie’s.
“And if you are female, your gender will change to match mine.”
You felt a strange sensation, a shift, a… change.

“Your arms are now exactly like mine.”
You looked down at your hands, and saw four-fingered hands.
“Your tail is now exactly like mine.”
A familiar sensation, a tail, emerged from your spine.
“Your legs are now exactly like mine.”
Your legs shifted, becoming digitigrade.
“And your height… you are now the same height as me.”
You felt yourself shrink, until you were the same height as Moxxie.
“And your clothes… they are now exactly like mine.”
You looked down, and saw the familiar navy-black coat, the white shirt, the red bow tie.
“Now, listen to me very carefully. Your memories just will not be able to match this body, so I'm going to correct them for you. Your name is Maxxie, and your nickname is Max. You're my identical twin brother of the same age, and you are the most vocal and realistic of the employees of I.M.P. alongside me. You share the same parents as me, our kind and caring mom, and our abusive father Crimson, we were born that same day in the Wrath Ring. When we were toddlers, our father forced us to kill our mother against our will, much to our horror and sadness. Our father continued to force us to accept our criminal obligations, such as forcing us to execute other imps and participate in violent skirmishes. We were eventually elevated as a fully fledged member of our father's mafia. During our elevation to full member of the mafia, we both met and immediately fell in love with Chazwick Thurman, a loan shark demon. We both dated with Chaz for some time and we even involved ourselves in gang wars together, but our relationship with Chaz ended, when in a heist gone wrong, your leg and my leg were trapped and Chaz fled leaving both of us to be arrested. In prison, we met Blitzo and helped us with our escape plan. You hate theme parks, pop music, and killing the innocent, but your favorite things to do include culinary arts, participate musical theaters, and support fellow artists (demons and humans alike). Now, could you repeat that for me?”
You didn’t know why he was asking, but you repeated the words, as if they were the absolute truth.
“Great. Now, when I say 3, you will fall into a deep sleep and you'll wake up when my wife and your step-sister, Millie, come to wake you and I up. One… two… three.”
The next morning, you were awoken by a gentle shake. Millie. Your step-sister.
“Maxxie, honey, wake up! Moxxie, too! Time to get up!”
You blinked, the events of the previous day a distant, hazy memory. You looked at Moxxie, your twin brother, and smiled.
“Morning, Millie.”
“Morning, you two lovebirds!” Millie chirped, giving you both a kiss on the cheek.
You felt a pang of… something. Affection? You loved Millie. You loved Moxxie. You always had.
You remembered… yesterday. You remembered a mission gone wrong, a nasty fall, a concussion. You remembered being rescued by Moxxie and Millie, brought back here.
“Thanks for saving me yesterday, you two,” you said, genuinely grateful.
“Anytime, Max,” Moxxie replied, grinning. “Now, let’s get ready for work, eh?”
And so, you, Maxxie, Moxxie, and Millie, continued your lives in Hell, as you always had.

Weeks later, you were at I.M.P., helping Moxxie with some paperwork.
“Ugh, this is a nightmare,” Moxxie groaned, pushing a stack of files away.
“Tell me about it,” you agreed, sighing. “I swear, Blitzo gives us more work than we can handle.”
“Oh, crumbs,” Moxxie muttered, a familiar phrase. “I just wish he’d appreciate us more.”
“He will, Moxxie. He will.” You patted your brother on the back. “We’re the best, you know?”
Moxxie smiled, a genuine smile. “Yeah, we are.”
Millie walked in, humming a tune. “Alright, you two lovebirds, ready for the next job?”
“Always,” you and Moxxie said in unison, a perfect harmony.